

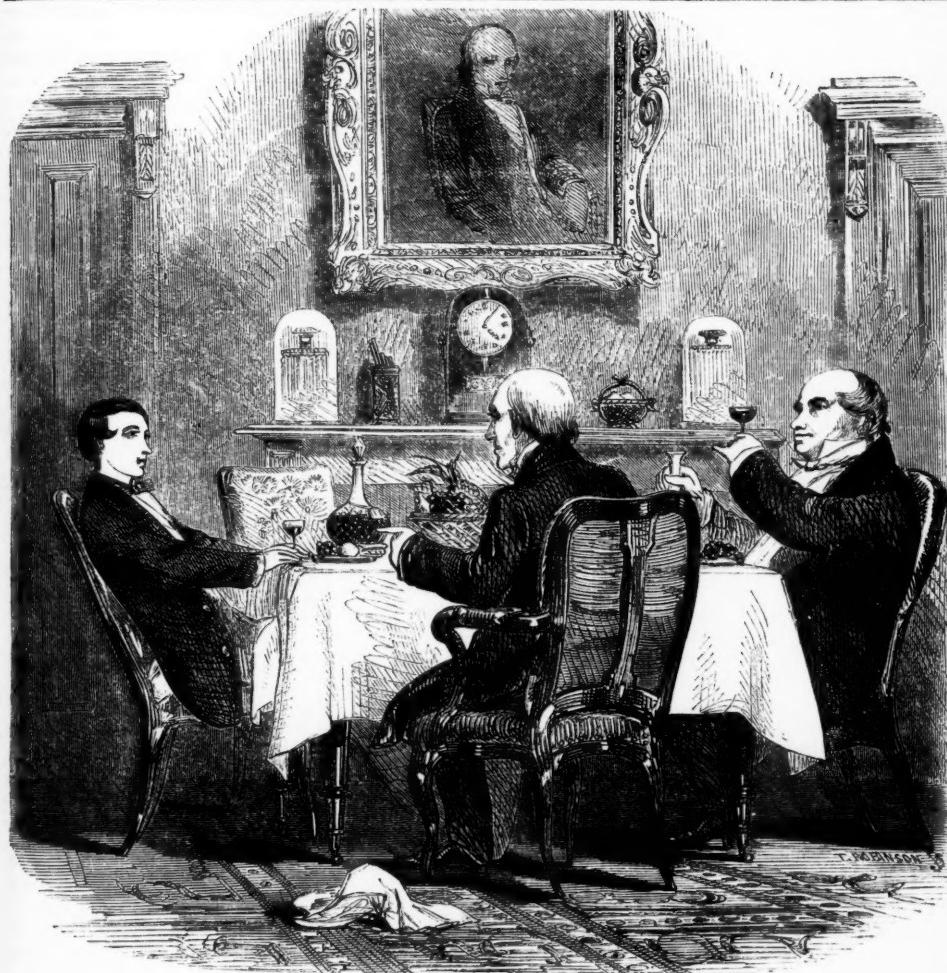
# THE LEISURE HOUR

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"SPREAD IT, YOUNG MAN, SPREAD IT; DON'T LOCK IT ALL UP IN ONE THING."

GEOFFREY THE GENIUS, AND PERCY  
THE PLODDER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARCHIE CAMPBELL."

CHAPTER II.

THE application of Mr. Armitage to his old acquaintance, Mr. Needham, whom he had fondly hoped would have been a judicious pilot to Geoffrey in his trial voyages on the fluctuating sea of commercial enterprise, brought a disappointment. He had long

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warily escaped the rocks and shoals on which many of his speculating associates had wrecked their all, and had secured a haven richly stored with this world's goods; yet, still unsatisfied, he might have ventured another and another voyage, but that his health had failed him, and medical advisers had ordered the withdrawal from the excitement of business, as the only way for him to live and enjoy the wealth he had already accumulated.

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He had been loath to submit to a decree which would drag him from his daily worship of the golden image; but at length he was obliged to yield obedience to his doctor's orders, and wrote to negative the proposal of Mr. Armitage.

"It is extremely provoking," cried Geoffrey, with all the thoughtless selfishness of youth, when his father read aloud the civilly worded refusal; "but still," he added, resolving not to be driven from his resolution, "can we not ask for Mr. Needham's introduction to some other well-established house?"

"Certainly we can," replied his father, in admiration at the fertility of his son's genius; "and suppose we do it personally? A run up to London for a week will at least give you a glimpse of the scene of your future exertions."

The youth assented delightedly; and preparations being immediately made for their departure on the next day but one, in the evening Mr. Armitage, with his son and daughter, walked down to Mr. Belford's cottage, when the former explained the motives for their projected journey, and asked the favour of Mrs. Malcolm taking charge of Jessie during their absence. The caresses bestowed by the affectionate child, when this request was cheerfully agreed to, went far towards making Uncle William satisfied with her father's plan.

"But you will not leave Geoffrey behind you now?" he interrogated, doubtfully.

"No, this is but a preliminary step; I wish him to see a little of commercial and mercantile life before he actually enters into its absorbing duties."

"Duties!" repeated Uncle William, somewhat sarcastically; "but yes, you are right, it *has* its duties, and difficult ones they often are to practise. Geoffrey will find it so before long, I fear; but remember, my boy, you have been warned of this, 'and as you may have to tread upon thorns, don't go barefoot.'"

The following evening Geoffrey's eyes and ears were saluted by far different sights and sounds to those which had passed in the quiet little village of Nestlebury. The long railway journey, almost the only one then to be taken, was in itself a novelty; but "the whiz, and the whirl, and the whirr," as a popular writer calls it, faded into comparative soothing quietude, contrasted with the combination of noises and confusion which awaited the country youth at the termination of his transit. The prolonged *unearthly* shrieks of the railway whistle, as if the train were being hurried unwillingly to destruction, stopped but to be instantly succeeded by the loud ringing of bells, the roar of multitudinous voices, and the clatter of vehicles; whilst the rattling of cabs, the shouts of bus conductors, the wild rushing of bewildered passengers on the platform in search of luggage, and of some conveyance in which to bestow *that* and their own wearied bodies, formed a scene of excitement, productive of both surprise and amusement to the unsophisticated traveller; but when Mr. Armitage had contrived to secure a cab, and they drove forth from the terminus into the crowded and well-lighted streets, Geoffrey's wonder and astonishment found vent in speech.

"Now I can believe I am in London, for I am sure there is not such another place in the world."

Mr. Armitage had despatched a letter to his friend Mr. Needham, the evening before quitting Nestlebury, and a reply to it was awaiting them on their arrival at the hotel, containing an invitation for them "to spend the next day with him at Bellevue Lodge, Highgate, when he should be happy to give them information and advice."

Geoffrey was delighted; he felt sure of an advantageous introduction. Arriving the next day in good time, Mr. Needham received his old friend cordially, and extended a more patronizing welcome to his son. His house, pleasantly situated in one of the many pretty lanes with which the neighbourhood of Highgate abounds, was large, handsome, and commodious. It was fitted up with such costly elegance as immediately to impress Geoffrey most agreeably with the evidences of the owner's prosperous condition, and to give a fresh impetus to his resolution to plough the same field, sow the same seed, and reap the same golden fruit. The attenuated form of their host betokening present weakness and approaching decay, passed unheeded on his gaze; he would not note the feeble limbs which could not bear the fatigue of accompanying his guest round the choice flower garden, and through the fruit-decked hot-houses; he withdrew his own glance of hope and animation from the dull eye which looked with satiety on all the beauty without and all the splendour within. All told painfully that the possessor of the place, who had wasted his mid-day strength in the acquisition of that earthly wealth, now found the evening of his life to be but "labour and sorrow," but if Geoffrey drew any deductions from the contrast of his host's enfeebled health with the wealth and luxuries spread around, they related more to his own determination not to wait as long as Mr. Needham had done, before he began to enjoy the riches he was sure to make, than to any moral reflections upon the uncertain tenure by which such riches are always held.

During dinner, at which a widowed sister of Mr. Needham presided, the latter inquired of Geoffrey what had most particularly attracted his notice on this his first visit to London, to which he naïvely replied, that "the wealth and glittering splendour lying in such profusion, dormant and unappropriated, in the shops of the numerous jewellers and silversmiths, had raised more wonder than any other displays of the vast resources of the London tradesmen."

"I do not wonder at it," said his father; "for long as I resided in London, and frequent as have been my subsequent visits, I never got over that same feeling you describe. When I begin to think about it, the apparent purchasers in those shops are so comparatively few, looking into them as one passes by, that how their expensive and valuable stock is ever diminished, sufficiently to be remunerative, puzzles and surprises even such an old observer as myself."

"It shows what hidden wealth there is in London," remarked Mr. Needham, quietly, "and that fortunes are to be made there in almost any occupation, if capital is first obtained: it only realizes the old saying, that 'money makes money.' With-out ample means, these valuable articles could not

be purchased, and remain unsold until they reach the price and find the purchaser which doubles or trebles their original cost, and thereby gives good interest for the money which thus lies dormant for a few months or years."

Geoffrey's eyes sparkled. Here was fresh encouragement to his darling schemes. A man, who spoke from practical knowledge and experience, had proclaimed the same axiom with which his father had, perhaps unconsciously, fostered his youthful bias; then, who could doubt its truth or its advantage?

As soon as his sister quitted the dining-room, Mr. Needham at once led to the subject of his old friend's letter. "Tell me," he said, "what is your son anxious to do, and in what way can I be of service to him?"

Mr. Armitage explained minutely the strong inclination felt by Geoffrey to commence mercantile life, and also that, on attaining his majority, he would become possessed of sufficient property to enable him to enter into business advantageously for himself. The heavy eye of the successful money-maker lighted up with a dim ray of satisfaction.

"That's the way to get on," he said, turning to the anxious Geoffrey; "nothing is to be done without money to start with; but husband your capital until there is more than one good investment for it, and then spread it, young man, *spread it*; don't lock it all up in one thing. I have known many a man ruined from realizing the old saying, 'It is a silly rat that has but one hole to go into.'"

Geoffrey listened as if to an oracle; he did not see anything to quiz in Mr. Needham's "proverbial philosophy." "In what situation would you advise me to commence my career?" he respectfully inquired.

"In the counting-house of some general merchant; by which means you will learn the details of business, and find out where, a few years hence, you may form good connections for yourself."

"But in a merchant's office I should not learn anything of the nature of advantageous speculations," interrupted Geoffrey, hastily.

"Oh! you are mistaken there, my young friend; the dealings of general merchants are not always confined to the mere purchase and sale of goods at home and abroad. Some of the merchant princes of England, as they are not inaptly termed, dabble as much in the stocks; and in the transfer of bonds and shares, as any recognised speculator, only they do it less openly. You will have plenty of chances of being initiated into the secrets of the Money Market, as well as the mercantile one, if you enter the counting-house of an enterprising English merchant."

"Do you know such an establishment," cried Geoffrey, eagerly; "and, if so, will you try to obtain me an entrance into it?"

"Both," replied his host, his wrinkled face relaxing into a smile. "Some old city connections wrote me word only yesterday, that they should want a junior clerk in a month or so, and would be glad if I could recommend them one; so I shall be happy if possible to oblige my old friend Armi-

tage here, and at the same time prove to Messrs. Longsyte and Gatherall that I feel flattered by their deference to my opinion."

Mr. Armitage could not help slightly puffing his son's capabilities. "He has not gained the title of 'Geoffrey the Genius' for nothing," was the assurance with which he wound up his panegyric, whilst the object of it blushed and trembled, more under the doubt and fear of Mr. Needham's decision on his capacity for the coveted situation, than ever he had done in any of the educational contests wherein he had obtained his rather doubtful distinction. Mr. Needham promised to call on them the next day in town, to introduce them to the gentlemen he had spoken of; and Geoffrey and his father soon after took leave, well pleased with their visit and its prospective results.

The promised introduction next day, to Messrs. Longsyte and Gatherall, proved quite satisfactory, as Geoffrey willingly consented to wait until the vacancy occurred in their counting-house, which was to be immediately after the ensuing Christmas; and then, business matters being concluded, Mr. Armitage and his son devoted two or three days very agreeably to sight-seeing in the morning and dining with old friends in the evening, who were delighted to renew the acquaintance of bygone years with one who had prospered so well in the world as "Sam Armitage," and expressed the hope that the juniors in each family might make the friendship hereditary. We will not inquire too closely how the "strangers in London" might have fared had they come up under less auspicious circumstances, and been constrained to ask favours of former friends; but it certainly is too common and too sad a thing to find the frost of selfishness gather round the heart, and the words of welcome freeze upon the lips, when the sun of prosperity has withdrawn his beams from those who step over the once familiar threshold, and unhappily bring with them the chill air of poverty.

Quickly sped on the months. Christmas, with its home pleasures, came and passed; and on the same day that Percival Malcolm went back for his last "half" at Dr. Markham's Academy, Geoffrey Armitage departed with his father for London, to commence the career he had so long hankered after, the two youths having exchanged affectionate farewells, and promises of regular correspondence. How often do these school friendships typify the after life of their professor, beginning with all the warmth and eagerness of youth, flagging under the trials of maturer years, and being quenched in the disappointments of age! But Geoffrey, buoyant and aspiring, thought not of such unpleasant probabilities, and only felt that he had placed his foot on the first step of fortune's ladder, when he was duly installed, the day following his arrival, in the counting-house of Messrs. Longsyte and Gatherall. True, his occupations for the first few months were not of a very exciting nature; but Geoffrey was satisfied, for he was gaining experience.

One evening, on entering his apartments, he found John Lister, a former senior school-fellow,

awaiting him, with whom he exchanged a hearty greeting, followed by the natural inquiry as to what brought him to town. John's immediate communication was to the effect that he was going out to Valparaiso under very good auspices, having an introduction to a family connection settled there as a wealthy merchant; and it had struck him that he and Geoffrey could assist each other by a little judicious arrangement, which he proceeded to explain thus: that Geoffrey should send out, under his care, various articles as individual ventures, which would sell at a very large profit in the distant land to which he was voyaging; that he would return the amount thus realized, partly in the products of that place, which, when turned into money here, would in like manner produce a good percentage on the outlay, and thus make a double advantage of the venture, which they must share. Geoffrey was delighted at the project; it would be his first real mercantile transaction.

"But there is not much time to lose," he said, excitedly; and then followed a consultation as to what articles would be most desirable to purchase with the comparatively small sum he could afford to invest this time; "but, by and by," he added, "I shall be able to do more, John, if this *first* venture answers."

"Oh, never fear," rejoined his companion, with the gay, off-hand manner which had been his characteristic at school; "we'll *make* it answer; and probably I shall be able to do something better for us both after awhile. Backed by my brother-in-law's influence, I shall very likely induce Señor Balamo to send over a good order for your house, upon which we must take care each of us to get a commission."

Again Geoffrey thrilled with pleasure; and his mental decision was, that he had well laid out the several half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences, which Lister had borrowed from his school purse and never yet repaid, and which he now resolved should never even be hinted at.

That evening's conversation and its results were full of import to the youthful speculator. He then first realized the incipient consequence and anxieties of manhood and of prospective wealth. He placed his lips to the brim of that cup which held the intoxicating draught he had so long thirsted for, the first few drops of which are so sweet to the taste, while the dregs are so often bitter to the soul. He then first felt the throbings of the lust of gain, pleasant in their strange excitement, but which too soon course like fever through the veins, and rack the brain with restless care and thought. But little recked the young aspirant of such consequences. He had launched a tiny bark on fortune's sea; the sky looked bright and clear; no storms seemed likely to arise to check her course; no rocks were visible to endanger it, and he watched her progress to the haven of success in sanguine hopefulness, considering it as the pilot boat to the more stately vessels in which he would embark his future fortunes.

Not at this time did any of Uncle William's cautious proverbs cross his thoughts.

### THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

YE who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, or pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who are envious at the prosperity of the great, or imagine that rank and wealth can secure happiness, attend to the history of the Duchess of Orleans.

In some such "Rasselas" strain might we call the attention of our readers to the touching biography of the daughter-in-law of Louis Philippe, recently published.\* It is a book certainly well calculated to prove the old truisms about great care and great state being near neighbours; and few of our readers, we fancy, would, after its perusal, be disposed to have changed lots with one who saw so many of life's vicissitudes.

Well do we remember that bright summer day, in 1837, when all Paris was in the streets, to witness the jubilant entry of the Duke of Orleans, with his lovely and amiable bride, Helen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Born in a quiet German principality, and having led a life of great seclusion, the young princess was suddenly thrown upon the brilliant stage of royalty, as the wife of the heir apparent to the French crown. Amidst the public rejoicings of the marriage day, and the triumphant entry into Paris, there was not wanting a tragic omen to cloud the festival. A terrible loss of life took place as the crowd dispersed from witnessing the fireworks in the Champ de Mars, and a wail of mourning was heard at the close of the day's rejoicings. The tender heart of the princess was touched with sorrow when she heard of the catastrophe, and then, as ever afterwards, her hand was open to help the suffering and the bereaved.

But for herself, happy would it have been, and many sorrows would she have been spared, had she resisted the ambitious but alluring match with the heir of the French crown. Although a Protestant, her children, whom she dearly loved, were brought up in a faith different from her own. This was but one of her trials. Her husband, whom she doted on, was in a moment cut off by an appalling accident; then the dynasty to which she had allied herself was swept from power by the stormy events of 1848, and the Duchess and her young family driven into exile. Some of her most tranquil years were spent in England, although even these were embittered by the bereavements that successively thinned the family circle of Louis Philippe at Claremont. At last, in May 1857, she slept the sleep of the weary, and departed from that life which she had found so chequered.

The subjoined passage from the pathetic memoir to which we have already referred, brings before the reader the scene by which she is best known to the world—her heroic appearance before the Chamber of Deputies with her children, on the day when Louis Philippe lost his courage, his presence of mind, and his kingdom.

\* Helen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Duchess of Orleans. A Memoir translated from the French by Mrs. Austin, Jeffs, London, 1859.

The night which preceded Thursday, the 24th, was one of terror and anguish to the princess. Even the least timorous began to be alarmed. What had just before appeared only a ministerial crisis, assumed all at once the aspect of a revolution. The less it was anticipated, the greater was the disorder; in a few hours all regular and legal solutions of the difficulty were exhausted; they no longer satisfied the feverish desires of a frantic mob. The hope which one minute brought, was swept away by the next; men hitherto the most popular, were suddenly raised to power only to be as suddenly displaced. M. Guizot was succeeded by M. Thiers; M. Thiers by M. Odilon Barrot. It was thought that, as the cry for Reform had been successfully used to get up a factitious excitement, the concession of it, though tardy, would allay the passions it had roused. But though this promise was circulated from rank to rank in the National Guard, and among the crowds congregated before the railing of the Tuilleries, it produced no impression; as if words had no longer any significance or power.

The king, bewildered by conflicting councils and contradictory reports, which were brought to him from all sides, determined to make a last effort. Followed by his sons and aides-de-camp, some of whom had not even time to put on their uniform, he mounted his horse and rode along the troops drawn up in the inner courtyard of the palace, and on the Place du Carrousel. The queen, with the princesses, and near her the Duchess of Orleans with her young sons, were at the windows, following him with anxious looks. Repeated cries of "Vive le Roi!" for an instant revived their hopes; but soon these shouts were overpowered by those of "Vive la Réforme!" The king saw clearly the state of things. The coolness with which the National Guard received him showed him at once that his natural supporters, those upon whom he had a right to rely, deserted him; his countenance betrayed neither fear nor agitation, but wore the calm sadness of a man struck to the heart. He returned to his own room, and whilst sitting there, with his head in his hands, trying to collect his thoughts, an officer hurriedly entered and exclaimed, "Sire, there is not a moment to lose; give orders to the troops, or abdicate." It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The king, after a moment's silence, replied: "I have always been a pacific King—I will abdicate." Then, rising from his seat, he opened the door of his closet, adjoining the apartment in which the queen and princesses were assembled, and repeated with a firm voice, "I abdicate."

At these words the queen and princesses rushed up to him, and conjured him to recall these fatal words. The Duchess of Orleans, bending respectfully before him, took his hand and kissed it with tenderness. "Do not abdicate, Sire, do not abdicate!" she said, bursting into tears. The king, without replying, returned to his closet, whither all the princesses followed him, and sat down deliberately to write the act of abdication, which he then read aloud in the following words:—

"I abdicate the crown, which I assumed in com-

pliance with the will of the nation, in favour of my grandson, the Comte de Paris. May he succeed in the great task which this day devolves upon him!"—"May he resemble his grandfather!" exclaimed the queen. The Duchess of Orleans reiterated her earnest entreaties to the king; she implored him "not to impose upon his grandson a burden which he thought himself unable to sustain." A mother's instinct told her but too well that to "take the crown from the king's head was not to place it on that of her son." When she saw prayers were unavailing, when, as the king wrote the last letter of his name, her last hope fled, she threw herself weeping into the queen's arms. They clasped each other's hands for some minutes in silence. But these moments were short: the king was urged to go, and a few parting words were hastily exchanged. He went out, followed by the queen and some of the princesses. The Duke of Montpensier hesitated not to leave his young and suffering wife to the care of a friend, that he might watch over his father's safety.

When he quitted the Tuilleries, the king still believed that his departure would appease the tumult; that he was leaving his grandson on the throne, and his daughter-in-law surrounded by adherents; but events followed more rapidly than even the imagination could have anticipated. Hardly had the king quitted his palace, when it became doubtful whether royalty itself would not cease to exist. The insurgents approached the railings of the inner courtyard, and tried to pull them down. The crowd, which had just been forcing their way into the king's apartments, had dispersed, and the Duchess of Orleans was surrounded only by the members of her household (not one of whom quitted her for an instant), and a few deputies, who urged her to assume the Regency, which, in their opinion, was the last chance of safety for the monarchy. "It is impossible," she replied; "I cannot sustain such a burden; it is beyond my strength: no one is prepared to see me Regent; I, less than anybody." Whilst she was speaking, the sound of musket-shots approached: it was clear that in a few minutes the Tuilleries would be taken. She had yet time to escape—to save her own life and the lives of her sons; or she might attempt, at the peril of her life and theirs, to preserve the crown for the Comte de Paris, and to defend the rights guaranteed to him by France. Placed in this alternative, she thought her duty clearly marked out; she felt neither hesitation nor tremor. Taking her two children by the hand, she walked with them through the long galleries that led to her own apartments, and stopping before the portrait of their father, she said with calmness, "If we are to die, it must be here." She then ordered all the gates to be opened; preparing to undergo herself, and to see her children undergo, the most frightful death, should her calm courage fail to subdue the fury of the frantic multitude whose cries already reached her ears.

At this instant two deputies\* entered hurriedly, and told her, from the Duke of Nemours, to

\* MM. Dupin and De Grammont,

go without delay across the garden to the bridge; that he had been himself to watch over the departure of the king, and would return to her and protect her on her way from the Tuilleries. They appeared to her a succour sent from heaven; she had no time to ask questions, and set out, almost borne along with the group of persons who surrounded her, and tried to guard her from the bayonets that glittered at the railings of the Carrousel. As she passed through the garden-gate, the mob took possession of the Tuilleries.

On reaching the Place Louis xv, the princess saw the Duke of Nemours on horseback; but, separated by the crowd, they were unable to have any communication. She knew nothing of the measures he had taken to escort her to St. Cloud. Her instinctive courage urged her to take the way to the Boulevards; there she would encounter the real people of Paris, and not a mere band of insurgents: it might be that she would perish there; but it was also possible that her presence might recall the people to reason. M. Dupin dissuaded her with all his power. Just then one voice exclaimed, "A la Chambre!" and the cry was instantly repeated by the crowd. Thinking that she was doing what seemed best to the Duke of Nemours, she turned, or rather she allowed herself to be carried along, in that direction. The duke saw her from a distance without having the power to stop her, and could only follow. The crowd, well-disposed at this moment, shouted, "Vive la Duchesse d'Orléans! Vive le Comte de Paris!" They formed as it were two walls, between which the princess advanced, holding by the hand the Comte de Paris; whilst behind her, M. Scheffer, in his uniform of officer of the National Guard, carried in his arms the little Duc de Chartres, who was ill, wrapt in a cloak. At this moment, M. Odilon Barrot went in search of the Duchess of Orleans at the Tuilleries, in order to conduct her to the Hôtel de Ville; but he could not penetrate the crowd, and returned to the Chamber, where the duchess had already arrived.

When the princess entered the assembly, the disorder was extreme; the deputies besieged the tribune; a strange crowd blocked up the lobbies, barring the passage of the royal party. Cries of "No princes! we want no princes here!" were heard; but they were soon overpowered by louder cries of "Vive la Duchesse d'Orléans! Vive le Comte de Paris!" She took her place near the tribune, and remained standing there, with her two children at her side; behind her stood the persons of her suite, using all their efforts to keep off the crowd that pressed around her. M. Dupin ascended the tribune; he announced that the act of abdication was about to be presented to the Chamber by M. Barrot; meanwhile, he strongly urged that the unanimous acclamations, which had hailed the Comte de Paris as King, and the Duchess of Orleans as Regent, should be entered in the Procès-Verbal. These words were received with violent opposition from a part of the Chamber and the tribunes. The President thought fit to call upon all strangers to quit the chamber, and requested the princes to

withdraw, "in deference to the rules." "Sir," replied the duchess, "this is a royal sitting." Some of her friends, alarmed at the increasing tumult, entreated her to leave the chamber. "If I leave this assembly, my son will never enter it again," she replied, and remained immovable in her place. But the crowd kept advancing, the noise increased, and the heat became so excessive that the young princes could hardly breathe. The princess was then conducted along the left-hand lobby running at the back of the semicircle, to the upper benches opposite to the tribune, where she seated herself with the Duke of Nemours and her children. At this moment M. Odilon Barrot, who had just returned from the Tuilleries, obtained silence. "The crown of July rests upon the head of a child," he said. . . . At the acclamations of "Vive le Comte de Paris!" the Duchess of Orleans rose from her seat, as if to speak. While one side of the Chamber cried out, "Speak, speak!" the other tried to drown her voice. She began with the words—"My son and I are come"—but was instantly interrupted. She again attempted to speak, but was unable to make herself heard, and sat down. Several speakers rose, one after another, amidst a confusion which it is impossible to describe. At length M. de Lamartine advanced toward the tribune. The first sentences he uttered revived the hopes of her friends; but, with her sweet and melancholy smile, she made a slight sign, which showed them that she did not share their illusion.\* Towards the close of the speech, a violent knocking resounded through the hall; the doors of the tribune of the press were burst open by an armed mob, who rushed forward with loud cries; they pointed their loaded muskets towards different parts of the chamber, till at length they perceived the royal mother and her children, at whom they took deliberate aim. Most of the deputies quitted the chamber, leaving the Duchess of Orleans and her little sons exposed, with no other protection from the musket-balls of the infuriated mob, than that of a small number of deputies, who remained in their places before her. From the calmness of her face it might have been thought that she only was in no danger. Leaning over to the bench below her, she gently placed her hand on the shoulder of a deputy and said, in a voice which betrayed no emotion, "What do you advise me to do?" "Madam, the deputies are no longer here; you must go to the president's house to gather the Chamber together." "But how can I get there?" she replied, still without moving from her place, or betraying any alarm at the muskets which glittered above her head. "Follow me," said M. Jules de Lasteyrie. Descending from bench to bench, he conducted her to the left corner of the chamber, where there is an exit reserved for the deputies, and leading into a dimly lighted corridor; the folding-doors, one of which was shut, open only from within; the other, which was open, separates the chamber from this cor-

\* At the time of the discussion of 1842, on the project of a Regency, the Duchess of Orleans, speaking of the eulogies M. de Lamartine had lavished upon her, said, "He did not speak for me—he spoke against the king's government."

ridor. M. de Lasteyrie made his way to it by pushing aside the crowd; and perceiving a company of National Guards outside the door, he called to them to form lines to protect the Duchess of Orleans, who was following him, which they immediately did.\*

Meanwhile the crowd had collected again; the princess and her sons were pushed against the closed door, so that they could not advance. She, however, extricated herself; and before she could succeed in regaining the hands of her sons, who were violently separated from her, she was hurried through the line of National Guards to the salon of the presidency. There, seeing that her sons were not following her, she broke out into cries of despair, which filled the hall and overpowered the din of the tumult. "My children! my children!" she exclaimed, with a vehemence foreign to her nature. Her children had been wedged in in the narrow passage. The Duc de Chartres, thrown down and for an instant lost under the feet of the crowd, was picked up and taken to an adjoining house. A workman in a blouse seized the Comte de Paris and pressed him tightly in his arms, doubtless intending to defend him; but amidst the noise, the confusion, and the darkness, every man distrusted his neighbour. The poor child was snatched from him, and borne, or rather tossed, from hand to hand to the end of the corridor, where M. de Montesquieu succeeded in letting him down from a low window looking into an inner court, and conducted him back to his mother.

As soon as she saw him, and was assured that her younger son was in safety, every trace of agitation vanished from her countenance. The sight of her child in an instant restored her presence of mind; and passing immediately from violent despair to complete self-possession, she again appealed to those who surrounded her for their advice.

For the close of this stirring scene, the reader must turn to the volume.

#### EEL FISHING IN THE WEST HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

It was a wet, gusty, dreary night about the end of September. Our boat was dancing on the waves of one of those long narrow inlets of the sea by which the west Highlands of Scotland are cut up into shreds, and which are termed lochs. Mountains, rugged and bare, rose up all round us, and the hazy moon seemed to have got into an inextricable entanglement among their numerous peaks and the big black clouds that drove athwart the sky.

It was very dark, for the moon shed but little light, even when the clouds did not obscure her orb. Ever and anon a squall came hissing down the loch, tearing up its waters into foam, and driving the rain and spray into our faces. Two stout High-

landers and a boy laboured at the oars, and with difficulty advanced against the wind. Besides the boatmen, there were two muffled figures in the boat—myself and my friend Bolton. We sat cowering in the stern-sheets, in the light of a tin lantern which stood on athwart, and faintly irradiated the boat, while it rendered the surrounding darkness blacker and more palpable.

"Well," I exclaimed, as a gust more vigorous than usual nearly swept my waterproof cloak overboard, "if this is the usual style of weather you have to offer friends when they visit you, Bolton, my boy, the fewer that visit you the better."

"Is that the float, John?" cried Bolton, starting up and throwing off a large military cloak in which his stalwart figure was enveloped.

"I think that's her," replied John, resting on his oar and shading his eyes with his hand, while he peered ahead. John was a fisherman, and a good type of his class; stout and raw-boned, slow of speech and sagacious of countenance, but with the usual Celtic habit of substituting the feminine for the neuter gender.

"Howd on, Jim; pull hard, boy! There, noo, ye have her!" cried John, as he wheeled the boat round and brought a large painted bladder within reach of Bolton's grasp. In a few minutes my companion was standing on the gunwale of the boat, hauling in the sinker of a thick line, which, with three hundred baited hooks, had been set opposite the door of his cottage early in the day.

The hauling in of a long line is a slow process even in calm water, much more so in a rough sea and at night. But Bolton was an enthusiast in everything he put his hand to. John stood beside him, grasping a large iron hook or kleek.

"I feel something," said Bolton, in a low tone.

"Is she ruggin' hard?" inquired John.

"Look out!" cried Bolton, as he drew to the surface a black object, with a pair of glittering eyes and two rows of savage teeth. I fancied at first that some horrible and unknown sea-monster had been hooked, but a wriggle of its body showed that it was a conger-eel. In a moment John struck the large iron hook into its side, and lifted into the boat a creature that looked like a Bologna sausage about five feet long and four inches in diameter. Its first operation, on being taken in, was to execute such a series of intricate convolutions with its long slimy body, that John had great difficulty in cutting the hook out of its mouth—an operation, by the way, which is neither agreeable to behold nor describe.

"Mind it don't knock over the lantern with its tail," said Bolton, glancing over his shoulder at John, who, with knife in hand, nervously eyed its distended jaws—for John knew the power of these same jaws too well to trifle with them; "and take care of your toes," he added, turning to me; "he does not snap at things intentionally, but if your foot gets by chance into his mouth he'll shut it, and no force, moral or physical, will induce him to let go."

Thus cautioned, I gathered up my legs into as small compass as possible, and leaned over the edge of the boat to watch the line as it was hauled in. For a few minutes, hook after hook was passed in-

\* From her exile, the Duchess of Orleans sent a token of remembrance to each of these worthy men, who, by simply doing their duty, helped to save her life that day.



board without any appearance of fish having been at them. Then Bolton gave a sort of grunt—then a strong pull.

"Now then, John, be ready."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Down went the kleek, and up came another eel, wriggling violently. This was a smaller one—about three feet long. We soon found that the smaller eels struggled more energetically than the larger. Several fellows of this sort followed each other in rapid succession; and then another large one of nearly five feet long appeared, which compelled John to "pech" (as he expressed it) in drawing the reptile in, besides causing him considerable anxiety in regard to his fingers. The bottom of the boat was soon alive with these ill-favoured creatures, which we made no attempt whatever to kill, from the simple reason that it was next to impossible to kill them, and the effort to do so would have taken up too much of our time. The bottom of the boat being wet and covered with slime from their bodies, the eels slid about with nearly as much

ease as if they had been in their own element, and several times I was startled by the apparition of a dark, flat-shaped head, with glazed staring eyes, raising itself up and gliding along the thwart on which I was seated. The faint light of the lantern scarcely enabled us to see their black backs as they lay in the bottom of the boat, but when, in their writhings, they turned up their white bellies, they presented a horrible weltering mass that was in keeping with the rest of the wild scene.

"I say, hold my pipe," said Bolton, in a low excited tone, handing me the little implement of fumigation that seldom quitted his lips.

"What's coming?" said I.

"Something awful, if I may judge from its weight."

John became excited, and with compressed lips stared down into the black water. Suddenly he darted his kleek into the sea.

"There she comes," he cried, uttering an incomprehensible word of many syllables in Gaelic, as he and Bolton, by aid of hand, and line, and kleek,

dragged in-board a flapping and wriggling mass of black and white, which sent the lantern spinning to the end of the boat. Fortunately the light was not extinguished. I picked it up, and, holding it over the spluttering object which Bolton and John were both afraid to touch, revealed to our astonished gaze two goodly sized skates, each a foot and a half broad, and an eel about four feet long. While under water, the three had got twisted into a bunch, and so came up together. The knotted complication was too great to unravel; so, following Alexander the Great's example, John cut the line and re-fastened it.

Now came a succession of small eels; then a herring-haik, as large as a large cod, and, not far from him, a cod of very diminutive proportions, but with a head large enough for its mother, and much larger than would have been necessary for that vulgar but well-known impossibility—jumping down its own throat. Then came one or two large eels, and then—an exclamation from Bolton, that caused us all to start up and shout, "What is it? have you got him on?"

"Got him on! Ay, or rather, he's got *us* on. Pull, lads, pull! I can't haul him in!"

And no wonder. We never did haul that fish in, for it was the lost anchor of a herring-boat, round which the line had got entangled, and neither coaxing nor force would clear it. After one or two severe tugs it broke.

But our night's sport was not yet over. Rowing to the other end of the line, we found a bladder floating there, which we hauled in and continued our operations. The night was a little clearer now, and the wind had moderated. The eels at this end of the line were larger than those taken at the other end. As all the hooks were baited alike—with herring—we could only attribute this to the locality. We took several fish, one after another, here. Then there was a large gap, and the baits came up untouched. Suddenly Bolton dropped his pipe into the sea, exclaiming eagerly, "Got him this time, and no mistake!"

There was indeed no mistake; for, while the difficulty of drawing in the line was evident, the manner in which my friend's arms jerked about, proved that no dead anchor had caught it.

"Now then, John—ready!"

"Och! she's gone," exclaimed John in despair, referring to his cap, which at that moment was blown away to leeward by a sudden gust of wind and lost.

"Not a bit of it," replied Bolton, his mind fixed on one object—"she's not gone yet, as my arms can testify!"

John forgot his loss, as the head of what appeared to be the veritable sea-serpent himself appeared above water. Instantly the kleek was in the back of its neck, and, with a mighty effort, the largest eel I ever saw was dragged into the boat. To say that it wriggled would give no idea of the motions of this monster. It coiled, and rolled, and lashed, rather slowly indeed, but with a degree of vigour that set us all at defiance. Bolton retreated to the stern, and John, after giving a Gaelic howl, sprang on athwart to be out of the way of its tremendous

jaws. Fortunately, the kleek struck in its neck, and John was enabled to restrain its movements. But for this, it could have easily glided overboard. In its first paroxysm of frenzy it struck the lantern down and extinguished the light for ever, no matches having been brought. But the moon afforded sufficient light to enable the combatants to see. After a long struggle, the poor creature was induced to be quiet while the hook was extracted from its mouth. But the operation took much longer to accomplish than it does to tell, and John was pretty warm by the time it was subdued to the point of lying *comparatively* still.

We measured this fish next day, and found it to be exactly six feet ten inches long, and about as thick as a man's thigh round the middle.

This was the culminating point of our night's doings. A few more eels were caught—both large and small—but none nearly so large as this "great sea-serpent." When the end of the line was reached, the boat's head was turned homeward. Keeping ourselves as far as possible out of reach of the fifty eels that had been captured, my friend and I smoked and chatted while the men plied the oars.

"There are thousands of eels in this part of the world," remarked Bolton, as we puffed in each other's faces; "yet, strange to say, the natives seldom take the trouble to catch them. My man John has made a small fortune, almost, since I came to live here. I taught him the value of eels, and how to catch them, and he sends off a huge box, containing forty or fifty, every day or two, to the Liverpool fish merchants, who give him from fifteen to twenty shillings for them. It is whispered that they are sold as something else in the southern markets. I hope the report is false. At any rate our consciences are clear, for they quit their native loch as *eels*, and we cannot be held responsible for any metamorphosis that may take place on the road."

"What is John's surname?" I inquired.

"Macfarlane. It is a curious fact, that half the people of the village are thus named: at least I can vouch for many. The minister is named Macfarlane; my baker, and butcher, and shoemaker, are all Macfarlanes, besides many others."

The boat's keel grated on the sand, and cut short our confabulation. As the men began to land the fish, Bolton and I bade them good night, and hastened up the dark avenue of stunted pines that led to our Highland cottage.

#### THE NEGROES OF CUBA.

THE population of Cuba is estimated at above a million, of whom more than one half are negro slaves. This is, physically, the stronger part of the population. The women and children belonging to it are, relatively, much fewer than those of the white race, for two reasons; first, because the proprietors of estates buy many more male than female slaves; and second, because the universal rule is, that a smaller number of children are born in slave families than in those which are free. If, therefore, an insurrection should ever break out in

Cuba, the negroes would be able to count on more than three hundred thousand vigorous combatants, while the whites would scarcely be able to muster more than fifty thousand.

It is generally found that the negroes prefer working in the towns to field-labour; for, according to a theory which is in vogue in Cuba, as well as in other slave states, the cultivator of the soil is only a machine, which has no need of intelligence, and which must be worked by means of the whip. Hence it happens that the slave likes neither the land nor its cultivation; that he only does what it is impossible to avoid; and that he has but one desire, namely, to escape from the country, and get employment in the towns.

The following narrative was related to us by a person who formerly occupied a position of some importance in Cuba—a man of unimpeachable honour and veracity—as illustrative of the present state of things in that island. “I was one day,” he said, “at the house of a rich proprietor, who received, in my presence, a letter from the manager of one of his sugar-works—one of those resolute and industrious emigrants from the Canaries, who go to push their fortunes in Cuba as managers of plantations. The letter, which, to use a school-phrase, was written in round-hand, was very brief, and ran thus: ‘Master—The canes are choking the ground; instead of two thousand boxes, we can make two thousand five hundred *by forcing the labour.*’ I understood perfectly the meaning of the first part of this note; for the richness of the soil of Cuba is such, that the annual produce very far exceeds the wants of the population, and it might be made still more considerable, if the amount of labour were sufficient for the task. But although I understood the first part of the note, the words ‘*by forcing the labour,*’ were to me obscure and incomprehensible. I therefore asked for an explanation of them, and the following is that which I received.

“In the harvest time the slaves work by day in the fields and by night in the engine-houses, being allowed but four hours’ rest out of the twenty-four. *To force the labour is to reduce the time of rest from four hours to two;* by which means an increase, more or less considerable, in the produce is obtained, according to the season; and this increase, in the season referred to, was estimated at one-fifth. But hence arises a notable illustration of the well-known law, that action and reaction are equal; for the mortality of the slaves, which is already very great with twenty hours of labour, is largely increased when the hours are raised to twenty-two.

“My host, who, by the way, was a very worthy and estimable man, called his secretary, and asked him the price current of sugar and slaves. Then, carelessly taking a pen, he made a rapid calculation, and ended by dictating a note to his manager, which was still more laconic than the one he had received. It consisted only of the words ‘Force the labour.’ This reply having been despatched, I inquired what would be the result, to which my host replied, with all the coolness of a shopkeeper speaking of his commodities, ‘The increase in the hours of labour

will cause the death of twenty-five additional slaves, and will bring on various infirmities in, perhaps, fifty others; but, at the present price of sugar, I should be a considerable gainer, even if the numbers of the dead and the sickly should go up to twice that amount.”

“‘Why, that is an order of assassination which you have just written?’ I indignantly exclaimed; ‘you are condemning to death twenty-five innocent men, for the sake of a fifth more profit.’

“‘Do you believe that negroes are men?’ he replied with a smile: ‘come, you do not understand anything at all about the matter; therefore we will not discuss it, for we shall never agree.’

“‘As you please,’ said I; ‘but God grant that the United States, who look with a longing eye upon your island, may never, in order to serve their purpose, hold out to your negroes the bait of emancipation, for I fear it is one which they would be unable to resist.’

“My friend half rose from his seat, his eyes gleaming with excitement; but he quickly recovered himself, and said, ‘Pray let us talk of something else;’ and he was right, for never will any one be able to bring home conviction on this subject to the minds of those who hold property in slaves.”

On the extent of the clandestine importation of slaves from Africa, there is wide diversity of statement. According to a writer in the French periodical “L’Ami de la Maison,” from which this article is chiefly taken, the slave population is almost wholly kept up by births. But there is no doubt that the Spanish and American authorities have shamefully connived at the guilty traffic, which has been kept up in spite of the vigilance of the British cruisers.

A slave can secure his freedom by the payment to his master of five hundred piastres. He is not obliged to pay this sum all at once; but he secures forthwith a particular state of freedom by paying a single instalment of the amount. He gives his master, for example, one hundred piastres, and thenceforth his position is considerably improved. It is true that he is still a slave, and, as such, is obliged to lodge in his master’s premises; but masters who hire slaves have an interest in not disaffecteding them, and in not treating them roughly. The slave can work where he pleases during the day, provided he bring home a certain sum to his owner at night. Now, as he can easily gain by his labour more than he is required to account for, he puts the rest in reserve, in order that he may be able, when he thinks proper, to pay a further instalment. It is a fact, however, that many of these negroes are in no hurry to complete their emancipation. They seem to prefer a state of semi-slavery, such as that in which they then find themselves, to perfect freedom. On the one hand, it is freed from many of the evils of slavery; and on the other, the slave who has thus partially redeemed himself, is gratuitously lodged, and has a right to the protection of his master. In case of sickness, he is tended at his owner’s expense; if he cannot obtain employment abroad, he is sure of his food at home; and if he commit any offence against the laws, his master, not wishing to be

deprived of his services, undertakes his defence before the tribunals of justice.

A favourite way among the negroes, of trying to obtain the amount required for their emancipation, is by the purchase of lottery tickets. There is a great passion among the whole race for these hurtful and ruinous speculations, and, of course, the greater number lose thereby a portion of their earnings; but, as they generally constitute a large proportion of the subscribers, it frequently happens that the winning numbers fall to the lot of some of them, who, in that case, devote the proceeds to the purchase of their freedom.

In conclusion, owing to the excessive mortality among them, it is a fact that the number of coloured field-labourers in Cuba would be reduced to a mere nominal figure, in the course of a few years, were it not for the slave-trade. Aware of this, the planters maintain it at all hazards, for they say, "If our slaves die, by whom are they to be replaced?" Certainly not by the free white inhabitants of the island, for they hold work of all kinds in contempt, and cordially detest that of the fields. This question, so important in its relation to the future prosperity of Cuba, has often been pressed upon the attention of the Spanish government. But who cares to trouble himself much about what is to come after him? To live from hand to mouth is much more convenient and agreeable than to apply one's self to the solution of a knotty and difficult problem; and we dare say that it is not at all displeasing to the government of the United States, nor even to a certain class of persons among ourselves, to see this principle so persistently acted upon by Spanish politicians with reference to the matter in question.

### ORANGES.

At the end of the vast sweep of that great gulf stream, which flows in a semicircle from the Gulf of Mexico up the shores of North Eastern America, and crossing the Atlantic, down the shores of Western Europe, making, on the bank of Newfoundland, a sea climate mild enough to form the paradise of cod fish, and mitigating the rigour of winter in the West of England and Ireland, with heat brought over from the West Indian sea, there are found islands placed as if on purpose to catch its mildest and most genial influence, and at the same time to act as a breakwater, to prevent its further progress disturbing the start of the great western current from the shores of Africa. These islands are some of the most beautiful in the world. Who has not heard of the wine and the amazing fertility of Madeira, and of its clear mild climate, to which the rich consumptive patient can afford to repair, and gain some respite to a dying life? Madeira wine, too, is a dainty of the rich alone; but who is a stranger to a juice as refreshing and far more salubrious—the juice of that delicious fruit, the common St. Michael's orange of our markets? The expenditure of one halfpenny puts the poorest person in enjoyment of one of Nature's choicest offerings to man.

The benefits conferred upon us by this fruit are incalculable. Its mild sub-acid juice possesses fine tonic properties, unaccompanied by the danger of stomach derangement produced by eating other fruits. The effects of a liberal consumption of oranges on rheumatism and cutaneous diseases—two scourges of our island—are remarkable. They play a large part in the diminution of fevers, amongst the lower classes. They are the dainty alike of the extremely aged and the very young. Their soft pulp can be eaten where the nut or apple could not be thought of. Then, again, who has not some cherished sick-bed recollection of oranges? They are welcome alike to the burning lips of fever, the panting throat of asthma, or the languid drought of consumption. Everybody who goes to visit a sick-bed, deposits slyly two or three of them on the chair at the bed's head. The writer was affected, the other day, at noticing that a poor workhouse boy, who came to visit a dying parent, had invested his solitary and cherished penny in two oranges. What a universal instinct must that be which directed his choice! How intimately has this foreign fruit blended with our English feelings, and become the vehicle of our sympathies! The physician himself exempts them from his list of things proscribed. All know their use, from the philosopher—who never fails to select an orange as the medium of impressing upon us that the earth itself is of the same form, an oblate spheroid, flattened at the poles—down to the urchin, who likes them better as the reward than the illustration of a lesson.

But all the supplementary uses of oranges are also connected with healing and pleasing associations. I do not merely allude to the candied peel which adds a zest to our Christmas pudding and birthday or wedding cake, nor to that delicious use which Scotland invented for the peel, in shredding it into that savoury confection, marmalade, which we use to give a relish to plain bread and butter; but we all know that the flowers of the orange are prized as forming the true bridal wreath, and whose flowers preserve their fragrant scent so long, that it is a custom for that decoration to be wrapped and put away as the most virtuous and pleasing of souvenirs. How many a bride, whom death has early made a widow, must have wept on unfolding that wreath, and finding that its very scent had not utterly faded away.

One of the bitter varieties of the fruit, well known as the Seville orange, (*Citrus aurantium amarus*), is justly valued for the many medical applications which are made of it. Every part of the ripe fruit is used medicinally. The bitter principle, and abundant volatile oil in the rind, or flavedo, is administered as a useful tonic in indigestion and gout. The pulp and juice are made into a drink, much used on the Continent, called orangeaide, which is very useful in bilious and gastric fevers.

Such are some of the benefits for which we are indebted to the orange. A few facts about its growth, and the sources of our supply, ought to prove of interest.

A doubt, very frequently expressed, of the exact truth of the ready Hibernian assurance to purchasers, that these are "rare St. Michael's," is, in fact, a needless one for the most part. That island, on the south-east of the group of the Azores, is indeed so much the chief, as to be almost the sole source of the supply to our market. The St. Michael's orange was originally brought by the Portuguese from China, and has nowhere succeeded so well as in this island. The tree grows in the volcanic soil of which it is composed, with a freedom of development not attained anywhere else. The only sort besides the China orange which is cultivated for exportation, is the small fragrant variety, called the Tangerine orange.\*

The southern part of the island is that mainly devoted to the purpose. The trees are, even in that mild and congenial clime, delicate, and require shelter from the winds which sweep the island from the wide Atlantic. For this purpose, hardy varieties of trees are planted towards the exposed quarters, yet at sufficient distance to prevent injury to fruitfulness from their shade. The tree, after the first difficulties of rearing it are surmounted, requires less care than may be supposed. It rarely fails in yielding a good average crop, and is one of the longest-lived fruit trees known.

The orange gathering is a great epoch for the rising generation in St. Michael's. Active children, the leaner and lighter the better, are in great request to climb the branches, against which ladders cannot, without danger to the tree, be propped. From five to eight years is the age pitched upon for this service, elder boys being found too heavy for the branches. The children, each equipped with a little basket tied to his side, are put into the trees, and such is the strength and elasticity of the wood, that they succeed in picking the fruit to the very ends of the long tapering boughs. When they have arrived as far as they can go, they bend back the extremity of the bough towards them with a short hooked stick. Great care is taken that the oranges do not fall. Those which are shaken down by wind are used in the manufacture of an alcohol of great strength.

While the oranges are being gathered, men, accustomed to the work, are engaged in making the cases in the orchard, from prepared slips of the native island pine, which they do with astonishing rapidity. Four men will make and pack as many cases of oranges in one hour, folding a maize leaf round each orange. As little delay as possible is made in getting them on board sailing vessels for England. Care has been taken that the form of the packing-cases, bulging at the top, shall allow of the circulation of air between them, that so the fruit may not heat and be spoiled on the voyage, which is usually performed in a fortnight. The orange will keep a long time on the tree; but it is

apt to contract decay when deprived of air in the cases. Once here, the poorest may enjoy a luxury, the real value of which may be estimated by the complaint of those who take a fancy to cultivate this fruit in their own hot-houses, that their expenses have amounted to a shilling an orange.

In estimating the blessings of a country, and the luxuries and comforts of its people, natural advantages are, strange to say, almost the last which a really reflective and observant man will take into consideration. Englishmen have better rice than Hindoos can afford to consume, better figs than luxurious Turks, better sugar than West Indian Islanders. Where liberty is insured and laws respected, and a spirit of honest industry pervades society, thither, though frosts may bind Nature's bosom for half the year, and skies may often be cloudy during the other, the inhabitants of more favoured climates will gladly bring their produce, as offerings at the shrine of work and order.

#### JOHNNY NEWCOME'S FIRST VISIT TO THE OLD CHINA BAZAAR AT CALCUTTA.

##### PART II.

We left John Newcome standing surrounded by a crew of money-thirsty shopkeepers, in the middle of the Old China Bazaar. The unprecedented spectacle of a highly respectable looking Sahib indulging in a hearty, prolonged, but apparently unprovoked cachinnation, there, had puzzled his beleaguerers, and given them pause for a time. The truce, however, was but for a moment. Soon they returned to the attack. Imagine a noble stag standing at bay, overpowered by numbers, but still resisting gallantly the yelling pack. So stood John Newcome amid that pack of "barkers." He had got the (in such a place) inconvenient repute of being a rich prize, and each of the gang had marked him for his own peculiar prey. There was therefore no little contention among them, and much *gallea* (abuse) was bandied about, some of which was intended for their victim; but, as he did not understand it, it did him no harm. John Newcome, luckily for himself and them, was a good-tempered man, with a quick sense of the ridiculous; so, when some would have struck out right and left, he only laughed and trolled out his *jow!* But the word was no talisman: it was powerless; it was worse than powerless. It confirmed the report that he was a new Sahib, and consequently likely to be a treasure to the lucky fellow who should hook him. Dearly do the mosquitoes and the shopkeepers love a griffin, and for the same reason—he bleeds so freely! A deputation of the former had waited upon John Newcome in his apartment the previous night, and left with him unmistakeable marks of their esteem; and now a numerous body of the latter had assembled to receive him to those hospitable regions where the wandering stranger is ever taken in.

Beginning at last to be slightly annoyed at the clamorous attentions which he engrossed, to the almost entire exclusion of one or two less favoured, because more experienced Sahibs, who were hereby

\* The shaddock is the fruit of *Citrus decumana*. It sometimes weighs ten or twelve and even fourteen pounds, and is then as large as a man's head. The "forbidden fruit" of the markets is from the *Citrus paradisi*. The Mandarin orange is the fruit of *Citrus nobilis*. *Citrus limonum* produces the lemon, *Citrus limetta* the lime or bergamot, *Citrus medica* the citron, and various useful and grateful fruits are obtained from other species or varieties of the genus *Citrus*.

left at leisure to observe and quiz him, John Newcome made up his mind to take refuge in one of the adjacent shops. But the difficulty lay in the selection of one from the many that were so pressingly recommended to him. Moreover, if he manifested, or seemed to manifest, the slightest inclination to follow any one of the set, the rest would raise a warning cry of, "That man rogue, sir! You go in his shop, he cheat you!" This testimony, nearly unanimous as it was, would stagger him; and he would turn to another of the band; but again all voices would join to caution him against patronizing a rascal. At length, finding that if their own testimony was to be believed, they were all "rogues," and yet thinking it easier to cope with one knave than with a score, he did at length put himself under the guidance of one of the crew. It might have been something in the cut or expression of the man's countenance, in the set of his turban, or in the fold of his scarf; or, it might have been that he was less boisterous than the rest, or it might have been nothing in particular, that ruled Mr. Newcome's choice. Be that as it may, he was led by the triumphant representative of Gudhapersaud Shaw and Co. a willing captive to the shop of that respectable firm.

Fresh from the splendid "Establishments" of London, those of the Old China Bazaar did not show to very great advantage in the eyes of our friend. He certainly had expected to find these something different from those, but he was not prepared for so much difference. The contrast, externally, between the dingy slap-dashed walls, with square holes cut in them for doors, and the gorgeous "fronts" of plate-glass and gilding which still glittered in his memory, was striking enough. But when he surveyed the interior of Messrs. Gudhapersaud Shaw and Co.'s miscellaneous dépôt, and compared it with those splendid "saloons" in which Trade ministers to Fashion in the West, he was astonished—dumb-founded. He was ushered, with much ceremony, into a room hardly wide enough for a respectable lobby, receiving its only light, or rather the mitigation of its darkness, through its two narrow doors in front. Its rough, dirty walls were partially concealed by a few ranges of meagrely furnished shelves and a dusty glass-case. Its only furniture, besides the fixtures just mentioned, consisted of a Lilliputian desk, before which sat a cross-legged writer, two wooden-seated chairs, (one black and the other yellow,) and a small, shabby-looking looking-glass, whose reflections, like, probably, to those of many who had consulted it, were anything but pleasing. So much for the useful. The ornamental was limited to a highly-coloured print of the amiable goddess Doorga and a mysterious inscription, in a flaming red (but to John Newcome unreadable) character on a whitish-brown ground of wall.

But brief space was allowed our friend to complete his mental sketch of this picturesque interior. After being congratulated on his happy escape from the banditti outside, he was installed in one of the before-mentioned chairs, the yellow one, (we like to be particular in our facts,) as if he were about to be bled literally and physically, instead of metaphori-

cally; or to have a tooth extracted from his head, instead of only a ten-rupee note or so from his pocket. Then, as if to prevent his fainting under the operation, whatever it might be, which he was to undergo, he was most assiduously fanned by one of the under-strappers with a palm leaf punkah. And then the senior member of the firm, Gudhapersaud Shaw himself, with smiling alacrity proceeded to business. He was flanked by two juniors of the Co., who stood ready at the slightest signal to drag from its hiding-place any required or supposed-to-be-required article of their miscellaneous stock.

"What master please to want?"

"What have you got?"

"Eberyting I got! Master want ready-made-jacket?"

"No!"

"Wescut—silk—valenshee?—Pantaloons—jean—drill?"

"No!"

"Ee-shurt—very fine long-clot ee-shurt I got—master see once?"

"No!"

"Ee-stockings—silk ee-stockings—cotton—haapee-stockings?"

"No!"

"What master want? Gloys I got, very fine—kid—doskin? Master not want Indy-rober braces?"

"No!"

"Fassonnable ee-stock?—Black silk hankchief got—very fine!"

"Got any white ones?"

"White—silk—hankchief—ah—um—Master not like black one?"

"White ones you not got, eh?"

"In this shop I not got—another shop I have, very near—there got. Master wait one little—I send!"

No objection being raised, one of the juniors, with every appearance of extreme haste, thrust his toes into a pair of yellow slippers lying with several others on a mat near the door, and shuffled off to procure the desiderated goods from the other shop—that is, from *any* other shop at which they were to be had.

Here was a great point gained. Master must, of course, allow a reasonable time for the return of the messenger who had been despatched with his concurrence. And in that ten minutes, if no more were allowed, what might not be done in the way of business! Not only might present sales be effected to some amount, but it was possible for a skilful tradesman to lay the foundation of a profitable and long enduring connection. So thought Gudhapersaud Shaw, for self and Co.—and on that thought he spoke.

"I think, master not long come in Calcutta!"

"Not very long. But how could you know that?"

"Oh master look too much well! Master face too ee-strong—too—too—fat—too red—like one rose! Master soon come from England—no?"

"It's not yet four months since I left."

"Ah! I think so! Master make Civil Servant business?"

"Not exactly."

"Master know Mr. Jems Bluster? He in Civil Service—he very good gentleman—always come in my shop and take plenty things. Master know him, I think—no?"

"Havn't the honour of his acquaintance!"

"Mr. Jossuf Mec Neel, of Blueskin and Co., he one great friend of mine. When English gentleman come with letter to him he always say—'You want good thing—cheap thing, you go to Gudhapersaud Shaw his shop—he very honest fellow!'"

"No doubt you deserve his recommendation! But how soon shall I see those handkerchiefs?"

"Oh! in one little few moments!"

(Here a second messenger is despatched to the other shop, in search of the first.)

"Master got mehm—no?"

"Eh?"

"I mean, Master is married—have one wife?"

"Ah! (a sigh for poor Anna,) No!"

"Master soon get one! Plenty handsome young lady in Calcutta—got one—two lac. They see Master, then they want to marry him. Master will go to *burra khana*, that is large dinner, and ball, *nautch*, dance. Master take one dozen bottle Mac'sar oil—Rowland-jenwin—see, sir—ee-stamp!"

"I don't think I require any now; I wish your man would come back!"

"Soon will come! Look here, sir, many pretty thing got. (An adjournment to the glass-case, which has been previously opened for the extraction of 'thine incomparable oil, Macassar'). I think Master will take haap-dozen Mac'sar oil, very cheap prize, two rupee bottle, twelve rupee. Labender water, Ee-Smith's—oddyclong, toothbruss, hair-bruss, essence rose, milly-flower, royal bockett, which will master like? trousseurs-eestrap, chasse-men, siggar case, silk braces—"

"Ah, here are the handkerchiefs. I'll look at those things again just now!"

The white silk handkerchiefs were exhibited, extravagantly lauded by the shopkeepers, and somewhat hypercritically examined by their customer. They were not exactly what he wanted, but they would do nevertheless. Price?—very cheap, only twelve rupees for the piece of seven! Too much!—nine!—Too little!—eleven! No! ten!—Taken.

The negotiations for the handkerchiefs being concluded satisfactorily to both the contracting parties, Gudhapersaud, relying upon the degree of intimacy which he had contrived to establish betwixt himself and his customer, ventured strongly to recommend certain additions to his (the customer's) wardrobe. First, he had an elegant selection of ready-made pantaloons, out of which master could select half a dozen or a dozen pairs at "very cheap prize." But as, upon inspection, Mr. Newcome inclined to think that they were ready-worn as well as ready-made, he obstinately shut his eyes to the beauty of the patterns (chiefly pink and blue stripes on a white cotton ground), and refused to purchase. The like objection applied to the jackets, with the additional one of their appearing all to have been made for hump-backed men with uncommonly stout arms—so they were put aside too. Ee-stock-

ings—in this article Gudhapersaud Shaw and Co. were particularly strong—their shop was famous for ee-stockings! None of your flimsy, clumsy, "Niverpool" things, but good, genuine, *English* fabrics. [Alas for poor Liverpool, it is, in the estimation of the Bengalee, the fountain of all that is vile and worthless in manufactures, and is denied even the honour of a place on English ground!] John Newcome took a dozen pairs of "half-nose" at what he thought an incredibly low price; also a black satin stock. And then, in fulfilling his promise to revisit the glass-case, half a dozen bottles of a certain red oil, which, if not "Macassar," had more right to the title than the genuine "Rowlands," inasmuch as it had had its origin nearer to the Isle of Oil by all the distance betwixt London and Calcutta. Furthermore, Mr. Newcome furnished himself with a cigar-case made of a kind of mat, which he thought both curious and convenient. And then, resisting all solicitations to a further investment of his capital, he had his various parcels stowed away in his palkee, and departed, minus twenty-five rupees, and plus about fifteen rupees worth of "goods." Of course he was not allowed to leave the shop without being duly instructed in the style and address of the firm, and being besought to favour it with another visit, which he partly promised to do, if he did not forget.

Immediately on leaving Gudhapersaud Shaw and Co.'s, John Newcome fell again into the hands of the enemy. They had patiently awaited his exit, and surrounded him as before. We believe he was again and again taken captive, and each time only gained his liberty by a sacrifice of rupees. But as the mode of treatment adopted by his new captors was doubtless very similar to that just described, it will be unnecessary to detail it. That it was equally successful we cannot doubt.

When at length Mr. John Newcome got clear of Old China Bazaar, he was somewhat astonished to find that of the hundred rupees with which he had entered it, there remained—none. But he was possessed of an elegant assortment of useful and ornamental articles. One dozen white cotton socks, one black satin stock, one cigar-case, six bottles of Macassar oil, three ditto essence of roses, one box of eau de cologne, one piece of white silk handkerchiefs, one piece of grass-cloth ditto, one piece of American jean, two feather fans (intended as presents to Anna and her mother), besides several other things which have escaped our memory. The shelf of his palkee broke down under the unusual pressure, and the bearers feelingly declared that it was *burra bharee!*\* and anticipated extra *bwees†* in consequence.

It is now several years since John Newcome paid that first visit to Old China Bazaar: he has often been there since (though not much of late, for now he has plenty of people to send for what he wants), and he is now almost a match for the most knowing of its shopkeepers. He would not now think of giving more than six-eight for the

\* Very heavy.

† Applied alike to wages or a present.

piece of handkerchiefs which he once thought cheap at ten rupees. Often does he now relate to enthusiastic griffs, the story of the ludicrous fall of his romantic fancies, and thereby softens to many the disappointment awaiting them when they go to compare their picturesque dreams with the unpoetical realities of an Indian bazaar.

## HELP FOR HODGE.

AMONG the books lately sent to us for notice, there is one of great interest, though of small size and unpretending appearance. It is "A Lecture on the History of England, delivered at Chorleywood, by William Longman," apparently the first of a series of popular lectures addressed to the labouring people of that district (near Watford, Herts.) The outline of English history, from the earliest times to the death of King John, is drawn in a clear and vigorous style, and the points selected for discourse were well fitted for the audience, and likely to awaken right feelings while imparting useful knowledge.

We give one extract as a favourable specimen of the style of the lecturer.

"We English are a mixed race. There were first, as I have told you, the Celts, then the Belgians or Gauls, then the Romans, then the Saxons, then the Danes, and last of all, as you will soon hear, the Normans. But, although we are thus a mixed race, we know, as I have before said, from our language, that the Saxons mixed with us more than any other races. They were, as an eloquent writer, Sir James Mackintosh, says, 'The founders of our laws and liberties, whose language we speak, in whose homes we dwell, and in whose establishments and institutions we justly glory.'

"They came as pirates, and they ravaged the land as robbers; but they were bold freemen, they are our ancestors, and it is to them that we owe the energy, the perseverance, and the unconquerable determination that distinguish the English people. Where are now the Spaniards, who once ruled a large part of the Old World, and who discovered and ruled over a large part of the New? Sunk and degenerate, and all their greatness gone. What is the state of that gallant nation, the French? They, too, are sunk. Notwithstanding, or perhaps I should say, as a necessary consequence of the horrible scenes of wild revolution through which they have passed, they have, for the present at least, lost all the liberty they once possessed. What has been their success in peopling the earth? When the French have planted their foot on foreign soils, whether in America, in India, or in 'Afric's torrid zone,' never have they been able to found one flourishing colony. These are the descendants of the Celts. But what is the history of the Anglo-Saxons? They have colonies in every clime; they have descendants in every quarter of the globe; and, thank God! they have preserved their freedom as vigorous as in the days of their old Saxon forefathers.

"The true old Saxon spirit is so well ex-

pressed in a poem by Mr. Kingsley, called an 'Ode to the North-East Wind,' that I must read it to you:—

## 'ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.'

Welcome, wild North-easter!  
Shame it is to see  
Odes to every zephyr;  
N'er a verse to thee.  
Welcome, black North-easter!  
O'er the German foam;  
O'er the Danish moorlands,  
From thy frozen home.  
Tired we are of summer,  
Tired of gaudy glare,  
Showers soft and steaming,  
Hot and breathless air.  
Tired of listless dreaming,  
Through the lazy day:  
Jovial wind of winter,  
Turn us out to play!  
Sweep the golden reed-beds;  
Crisp the lazy dyke;  
Hunger into madness  
Every plunging pike.  
Fill the lake with wild fowl;  
Fill the marsh with snipe;  
While on dreary moorlands  
Lonely curlew pipe.  
Through the black fir-forest  
Thunder harsh and dry,  
Shattering down the snow-flakes  
Off the curdled sky.  
Hark! the brave North-easter;  
Breast-high lies the scent,  
On by holt and headland,  
Over heath and bent.  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Through the sleet and snow.  
Who can over-ride you?  
Let the horses go!  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Down the roaring blast;  
You shall see a fox die  
Ere an hour be passed,  
Go! and rest to-morrow,  
Hunting in your dreams,  
While our skates are ringing  
O'er the frozen streams.  
Let the luscious South-wind  
Breathe in lovers' sighs,  
While the lazy gallants  
Bask in ladies' eyes.  
What does he but soften  
Heart alike and pen?  
'Tis the hard grey weather  
Breeds hard English men.  
What's the soft South-wester?  
'Tis the ladies' breeze,  
Bringing home their true loves  
Out of all the seas:  
But the black North-easter,  
Through the snow-storm hurled,  
Drives our English hearts of oak  
Scaward round the world.  
Come, as came our fathers,  
Heralded by thee,  
Conquering from the eastward,  
Lords by land and sea.  
Come; and strong within us  
Stir the Viking's blood;  
Bracing brain and sinew;  
Blew, thou wind of God!"

"These lines seem to me to breathe the very soul of the old Saxon energy. Whether it is in exploring the arctic regions of eternal ice, or toiling under the burning sun of Africa—whether it is in braving the heat of India, or in climbing the snowy Alps—the Saxon seems to take delight in danger and in difficulty. Whatever calls forth his energy, that seems to the Saxon a source of happiness; and the energy called forth by our

varying climate, and by our cold north-easters, seems to me to be well described in the noble lines I have quoted."

The efforts of influential neighbours for the moral and intellectual as well as physical improvement of the rural population are highly commendable. As the "Leisure Hour," besides its wide circulation among the working classes, comes into the hands of those who combine the will with the power of doing good, our notice of the Chorleywood Association may lead to similar efforts being elsewhere set on foot. The following is the address printed on the wrapper:—

"The Chorleywood Association for promoting provident and industrious habits among the labouring classes was established in 1855. The original object was only to provide allotment gardens for the labourers, but it was thought desirable to make this beginning a foundation for other objects. An association was therefore formed, of which those who had allotment gardens became members; and those who subscribed to the Association also became members.

"It was thought that by thus binding the various classes together, union and good feeling would be promoted, and that a machinery for carrying out other objects would also be ready; and so it has proved. The next step was the giving of prizes, for the best-grown vegetables and the best-cultivated gardens. It was then thought that it would promote good feeling and mutual confidence if all the members of the Association, both gentry and labourers, met together once a year at supper, after the distribution of prizes for the gardens. Labourers' wives were admitted, as it was thought unfair that they should be left out. This experiment succeeded very well.

"The next object was this. Employment for the minds of the labouring classes, as well as for their bodies, was considered a necessary object of such an Association. It was therefore determined to give monthly lectures during the evenings of the winter season. These have been well attended. The population of the district is under 1000, but it is very widely distributed, the distance from one end to the other being about three miles. Yet we have frequently had above 200 persons attending these lectures. When the lectures were found to succeed, it was thought that an attempt might be made to induce those attending the lectures to write reports of what they heard. Prizes were therefore given. At first these prizes were given in money, but they are now given in books. These reports have been better than could have been expected. There have been as many as twenty reports of some of the lectures, which shows an effort on the part of the people to accomplish their object.

"The length of the reports has varied from six or eight folio pages to a page of note paper. Among the reporters are some grown men who have only lately learned to read and write.

"Among the additional objects intended to be carried out, are:—

"1st. A Rent Fund.

"2nd. A Savings Bank.

"3rd. A Summer Show of Flowers in pots and nosegays, with a Tea-gathering in the evening.

"Since the announcement that those labourers who had no allotment gardens might become members on payment of three shillings a year, several new members have joined the Association.

"To sum up the objects of the Association, they are:—

"The promotion of good-will and mutual confidence between rich and poor.

"Employment for mind and body when work is done.

"Regularity of conduct and saving habits.

"Means to enable the poor to communicate to the rich the difficulties under which they labour, and their own ideas of the best way of helping them.

"Manly independence and self-respect, combined with respect for those in a higher station.

"With a view to provide healthy amusement and recreation for summer evenings, it is proposed to encourage cricket and other manly games."

These are excellent objects, nor will they interfere with the moral and spiritual culture of the district by other agencies not referred to in the address. The labouring classes are generally grateful for help and counsel from those above them in the social scale, provided there is no attempt to weaken their self-respect or fetter their independence.

#### THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

THERE is an unseen battle-field  
In every human breast,  
Where two opposing forces meet,  
But where they seldom rest.

That field is veil'd from mortal sight,  
'Tis only seen by One,  
Who knows alone where victory lies,  
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,  
Their chief of demon form ;  
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,  
His voice, the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride, and Lust, and Hate,  
Whose troops watch night and day,  
Swift to detect the weakest point,  
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force,  
Is but a little band ;  
Yet there, with an unequaling front,  
Those warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of God-like form,  
Of countenance serene ;  
And glowing on his naked breast  
A simple cross is seen.

His captains, Faith, and Hope, and Love,  
Point to that wondrous sign,  
And gazing on it, all receive  
Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,  
A truth as great as sure,  
That to be victors, they must learn  
To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife,  
Imparts a holy calm ;  
For every deadly blow a shield,  
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field,  
Past toil is all forgot ;  
The plain where carnage once had reign'd,  
Becomes a hallowed spot.

A spot where flowers of joy and peace  
Spring from the fertile sod,  
And breathe the perfume of their praise  
On every breeze to God.